

# Scarlet Under Sky

S.E. Page

Cherries colored sunset litter the  
sidewalk in sky-softened gems  
I splatter underfoot because I can.

Their squelch travels up through my  
bones, autumnal bliss blossoming  
In red revels of running juice, a feast  
for iridescent black flies  
That whirr past my ankles.

These tiny sable angels are devils in  
the house, but here in free airs,  
Flies and fallen cherries are of one  
beauty, a marvel of wings,  
A mangle of ripe and rotten dreams  
of fruit—  
No still life here.